

## The World.

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## FILLING THE EMPTY BAGS.

There should be sympathy of the most practical kind with the unemployed, but how is this sentiment to find expression when those who assume to speak for the idle do not address themselves to the problem at hand? New York now has a convention of the workless under the guidance of men and women who, whether wisely or not, devote their time and money to the relief of the poor. If this assemblage discussed ways and means of securing employment it might accomplish much good, but we find it arguing first causes, inalienable rights, out-of-work benefits, old-age pensions, public improvements and the use of municipal buildings to house the homeless.

We are a severely practical people, and this is a practical age. There are means to every end, and the most desperate of the unemployed will hardly dispute the assertion that any discussion of sociological questions is not the most direct way to look for work. Men absorbed with their own affairs do not understand an appeal for employment which comes to them in such terms.

Agitators interested in uplifting their fellow men should understand first of all that the elements among whom they labor must be put upon their feet and that the first move in that direction is not disputation and theorizing but self-sustaining industry. If it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright it is doubly so for any number of empty bags to support a movement calling for radical changes in the lives and occupations of a hard-working people. There is labor somewhere for every idle man. Those who would help him should put him in the way of finding it. He may become a philosopher later on.

## TREASURELESS TREASURES.

Notwithstanding insinuations to the contrary it is evident that both of the great parties are short of funds and that their financiers are disposed to look with covetous eyes upon the Independence League, which, owned and managed by one resourceful man, knows its master's crib. It does not have to be invited to step up and partake. If this painful scarcity of money continues to the end of the campaign we need not be surprised to find the politicians giving enthusiastic support to Mr. Roosevelt's recent suggestion that everybody's campaign expenses be paid out of the public treasury.

When this idea was first advanced it was laughed at, but it is to be remembered that all ballots are now printed at public expense, whereas formerly they were considered as much a charge upon the party organizations as the posters that announced their meetings. Not having any disposition to take up the serious questions that confront us, perhaps for the next ten or twelve years we shall be trying to settle the point whether private cars, brass bands and champagne may properly be included in campaign expenses to be paid by the people.

## PLAYING IT OVER AGAIN.

The supreme court of baseball will decide in a day or two a case which involves the hopes, fears and happiness of thousands. New York and Chicago played a game which the umpire pronounced a tie. New York claims to have won it. Chicago afterward set up the plea that it was entitled to the game by forfeit. Able counsel has been employed. The patriarchs of the diamond who know how baseball was played forty years ago will be on hand. There will be plenty of witnesses. There will be unlimited eloquence in the end, however, the probability is that the learned judges will dodge the main questions at issue and direct that the game be played over again. This will furnish amusement for the partisans of both teams and give the managements much solace in the way of gate receipts. What an amount of trouble and rancor and loss would be avoided if some of the disputes which find their way into the law courts could be settled by "playing the game over again!"

## EXCUSES FOR DISHONESTY.

"How can you expect street car men to be honest," asks "Conductor," when they are regarded as thieves, oppressed, spied upon and otherwise treated as slaves? Street car men have grievances, no doubt, but when "Conductor" says that after six months in the service a man's pride and honesty leave him he slanders a large and respectable element. Dishonesty generally finds an excuse, and "Conductor's" letter reads as though he were preparing a defense. From highest to lowest, men who handle money are usually under bond. It is not honesty but dishonesty that complains at this arrangement. There is no such spurious pride as that which feeds itself on a grudge and finds justification for wrongdoing in revenge.

## WHERE IT CAME OUT.

Not so very long ago, it appears, members of a Wall street firm were in such comfortable circumstances that they gave away automobiles as candidates for office or cigars. "Have an automobile on me," they said, and their friends, male and female, helped themselves, as though touring cars could be had at any corner at the rate of two for a quarter. It is an essential part of this narrative, and it must be said by way of conclusion that the facts were developed in the bankruptcy court.

## THE TIME TO SELL.

People who have things to sell must find a market. If the owner of a portrait of a young woman who figured in a recent murder trial had been able to put it up at auction when she was on the witness stand a large sum might have been realized. Now, in her dim and dismal eclipse, it goes for a paltry \$16. As a hint to other art connoisseurs it may be said that any time this week or next would be the psychological moment to auction off an oil painting of a red-faced baseball player.

## Letters from the People.

Sal-o-me.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the proper pronunciation of the word "Salome?" C. R.

Slaughter of the Sea Fishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is an extract from a recent news item: "Brook Sports, 74 blackfish, 10 F. Fishing Club, two barrels of sea bass and blackfish." And yet the hand-line fisher condemns the net fisherman, whose catch, comparatively, is by no means as good as the handliner's. Charles Bradford is right when he says:

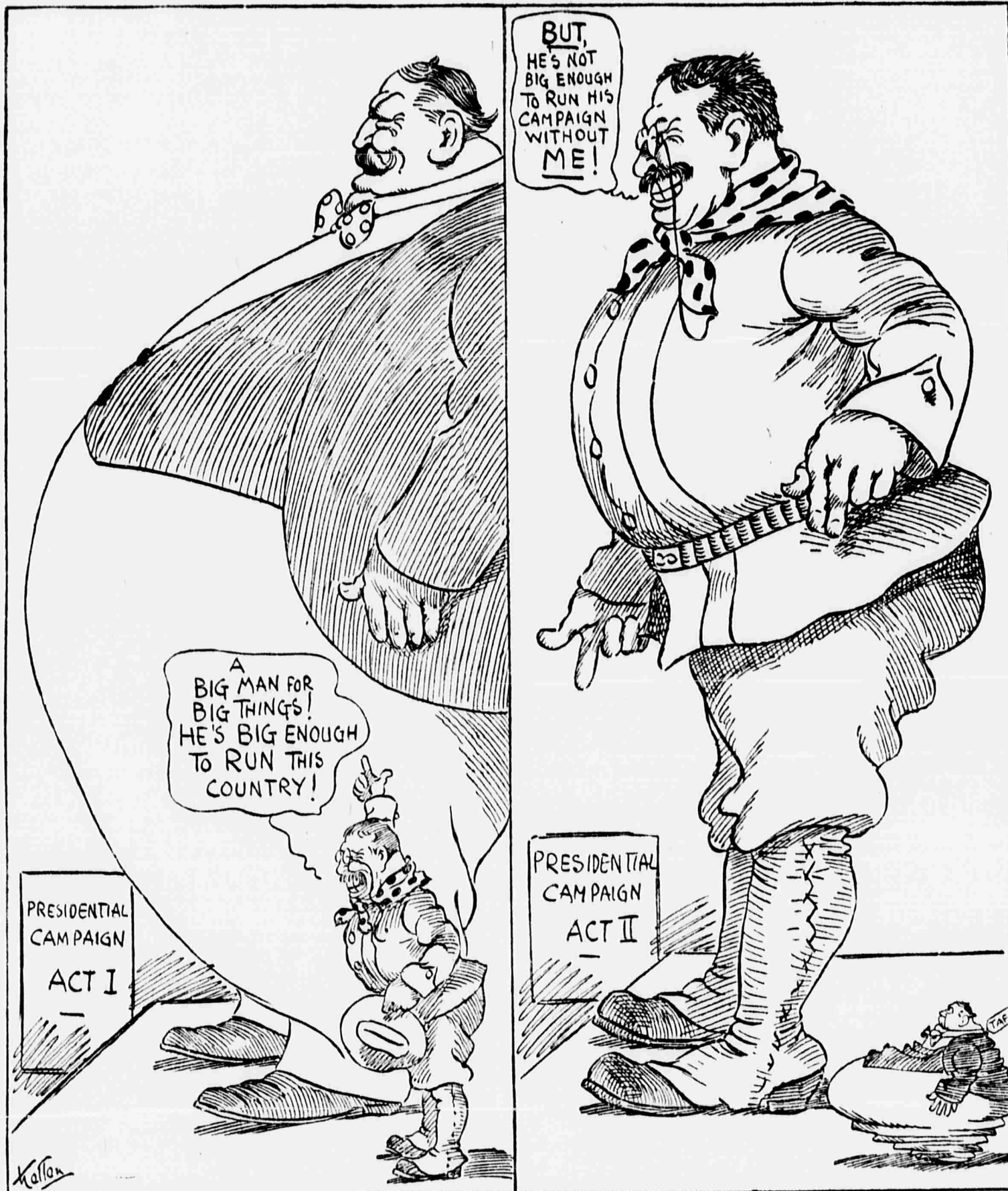
"It is not the angler or the net fisherman who is responsible for the real slaughter of our marine species—it's the barrel-filling, hand-line greedy man who depletes the salty bays and lays the blame at the door of the man of the net and the gentle angler with his rod and reel." IZAAK JR.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A man is walking with a girl and meets a man of his acquaintance. The latter man fails to raise his hat. Should the first man raise his hat, any way? Yes. G.

## Shrinking!

By Maurice Ketser.



## A Man May Be All Right as Another Woman's Husband, But It's Different When He Is the Husband of Mrs. Jarr

By Roy L. McCardell.



BY ROY L. MCCARDELL

"I've been over at Mrs. Jarr's this afternoon," said Mrs. Jarr. "There's a woman that doesn't let anything bother her, and I think she's right."

"It all depends," said Mr. Jarr. "What is it in particular that our good friend doesn't let bother her?"

"Well, she has a servant that can't cook, and who is most untidy, but Mrs. Jarr says as long as the girl is good to the children and isn't impudent to her she doesn't care."

"Did you ever notice," said Mr. Jarr, "that when you do get hold of a good cook or a good housekeeper, one that is neat as a pin and knows how to serve a good meal, she is such a crank that to live with her in the house is like being in a nice clean jail?"

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Jarr quickly. "There are some good cooks and good housekeepers that are good natured. Mother had one when I was a girl. But I will say that I don't believe there are any of that kind nowadays."

"How are the Rangle children?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, they are all well," said Mrs. Jarr. "But the noisiest lot and the most untidy I ever saw. Mrs. Rangle said there was no use for her to try to keep them quiet and clean, who was only thankful that they were not sick, and I agree with her."

"Was Rangle home?" inquired Mr. Jarr. "He's been getting home early recently."

"No, Mrs. Rangle said she thought he had gone to the ball game," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Why didn't he take his wife, it's a nice day and the games are very interesting because the race for the pennant is so close?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She could have gone if she wanted to, I suppose," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But, then, she's like me, I guess, and baseball doesn't interest her much. There are not many women go, and most that do go in their automobiles, and you do not see a dress or hat that interests one, because people put on their worst duds when they go anywhere in an automobile."

"When did Mrs. Rangle expect her husband?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She says she can never tell when he is coming home, and she's given up expecting him. When he comes, he comes, and that's all there is to it," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And I do not know but what she's right. What is the use of worrying about a man?"

"Some people do," said Mr. Jarr quietly.

"If this was intended for Mrs. Jarr she did not notice it," Rangle droned rather hard," she said. "But he's such a crank when he's sober, I've seen Mrs. Rangle turn pale when she saw him coming home straight, and say 'Run and hide, children, your father is perfectly sober and looks as cross as a bear!'"

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad as that," said Mr. Jarr. "Indeed it is," said Mrs. Jarr. "If Rangle has been drinking he's always jolly and wants his wife to go out with him to dinner or to the theatre. Mrs. Rangle says the year he was interested in the Prohibition movement was the most unhappy of her life. She was very near leaving him. I'm like her. I wouldn't mind him drinking a little, there are worse men than Mr. Rangle. You must admit that he is a good father and a good provider."

"He's quite a sport, too," said Mr. Jarr, "bets on the races and belongs to a poker club."

"Those people who are always criticizing others should look out for themselves!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You pretend to be his friend."

"And to I am," said Mr. Jarr. "But how would you like it if I lost my money betting on the races and playing poker?"

"But he wins sometimes, and when he does he is very generous. Mrs. Rangle showed me the new dress she bought out of money he won at poker and gave her. He has his little faults, but I think he's not so bad," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, you do, do you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, suppose I went to the games and didn't get home (all I was good and ready, and suppose I was drinking and that I gambled?"

"You just try it once!" said Mrs. Jarr, changing front. "When I said Mr. Rangle was all right I meant he was all right as another woman's husband, but I'd like to see myself put up with what that poor woman does!"

## The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



## Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

## NO. 42—JEROME BONAPARTE AND MISS PATTERSON.

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD boy—youngest of a Corsican lawyer's thirteen children—fell in love, in 1803, with an eighteen-year-old girl—eldest of an Irish-American shipbuilder's thirteen children. The lad was Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was at that time First Consul of France and rising fast toward the Imperial throne and the mastery of all Europe. The girl was Elizabeth Patterson, whose father—an Irish emigrant—was the foremost shipowner and richest man in Baltimore. Jerome was handsome of the handsomest Bonapartes. Elizabeth was most beautiful of the good-looking Pattersons. Here is the story:

Jerome was the "spoiled child" of his family. He was a lazy, rather incompetent spendthrift, with not one atom of Napoleon's genius. Nevertheless he was a lovable youngster, and could usually wheedle even his iron brother into overlooking his faults and granting him favors. He had been started on a naval career; and at eighteen, was Lieutenant, in command of the French brig of war *Esperrier*. While cruising in Southern American waters his ship was chased by English war vessels and he resigned his command, escaping to Norfolk, Va.

Thence he went to Baltimore, where, on the strength of his brother's great fame, he was cordially welcomed. Jerome planned to take the first available vessel to France. But at a ball he met Elizabeth (known as "Betsy") Patterson, belle of the Maryland city. The couple fell in love at first sight, and the young man's sailing was indefinitely postponed. Miss Patterson was ambitious. To be courted by the brother of Europe's foremost celebrity was flattering. She and Jerome became engaged. Her father foresaw trouble and packed Elizabeth off to visit friends in Virginia. But she and Jerome would not be parted. So at last Mr. Patterson gave his unwilling consent, and the marriage was performed by the Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, on Christmas Day, 1803. According to one biographer, Jerome wore at the ceremony a laced and embroidered purple satin coat, the white satin-lined tails of which fell to his heels. His hair was powdered. Diamond buckles adorned his shoes. The bride's dress was an Indian muslin, whose thin flimsiness shocked some of the more Puritanical wedding guests.

Instead of going at once to France, the lovers settled for the time in Baltimore, to find out how Napoleon would take the news. Things traveled slowly in those days, and months elapsed before word came from France. The same post that brought the elder brother's decision brought also word of that brother's election as Emperor of the French. Napoleon's orders to Jerome were couched in sternest language. The bridegroom was not only severely blamed for marrying Miss Patterson, but was ordered to return at once to France. Napoleon utterly refused to recognize Elizabeth as his younger brother's wife, and forbade him to take her to Paris. He added: "I will receive Jerome if he leaves that young person in America. If he brings her with him she shall not set foot in France."

Jerome had at other times been able to cajole Napoleon into changing his mind. He thought he could do so now. He believed the sight of Elizabeth's beauty must soften the Emperor's heart. So, disobeying half of Napoleon's order, he set sail for France on one of his father-in-law's ships, carrying Elizabeth with him, and bidding America what he then thought was only a temporary farewell. This country has always been a refuge for the Bonapartes. Jerome lived here nearly two years; Napoleon's elder brother, Joseph, lived for a long time at Bordentown, N. J.; Napoleon's next younger brother, Lucien, sailed for this country in 1810, but was captured. Napoleon's nephew, Louis (later Napoleon III), dwelt long in America (in New Jersey part of the time), and Napoleon himself is said to have planned once to seek refuge here.

The ship bearing Jerome and Elizabeth was not allowed to land at any French port. Jerome, leaving Elizabeth on board, hastened to his brother. But this time he could do or say nothing to shake the Emperor's resolve. Napoleon was firm in his refusal to recognize the marriage. So Jerome weakly abandoned his pretty American wife; and, later, at Napoleon's command, married Princess Charlotte of Wurtemberg, becoming for a time the puppet King of Westphalia.

Elizabeth, after waiting in vain for her husband's return or for news that she might enter France, went to England. There her only son, "Jerome Napoleon" was born. He was founder of the Bonaparte family of America and father of the C. J. Bonaparte who served as Secretary of the Navy and as Attorney-General in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Heartbroken, her golden hopes crushed, the deserted wife came home to Baltimore, where she died in 1879. Jerome and she met once, by chance, in Italy, many years after their separation; but neither gave the slightest sign of recognition. Napoleon had sought to force the Pope into annulling the marriage. His Holiness had refused. So Napoleon had annulled it himself. Yet, before her death, Elizabeth (who had formally secured an American divorce from Jerome) succeeded in making the French Government declare the union valid.

Jerome died in 1860, having married three times, treating each of his wives badly, and at last sinking to the level of a dissolute, despised old man.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

## Cos Cob Nature Notes.

ANY of our fellow-citizens have been anxiously waiting for The New Deal, announced by Our Rulers at Honesdale to come out of the pack, in the hope that for once it would look something like this:

Those who have been allowed a look in say that our fellow-citizens will be disappointed, as The New Deal promises to appear about like this:

Mr. Melan has become tired of paying fancy prices for water to Permanent Selectman R. Jay Walsh's water company, and so has started in to do some damming himself. Like most railroad men, he is more used to selling water than buying it. The damming is being done next to Mrs. A. A. Anderson's cornfield and will hold up a pretty nice brook. It seems a little sad that the brook should have to run into a pipe instead of Long Island Sound, but Mr. Melan needs water in his boiler more than Long Island Sound does.

The chestnuts have begun to fall without waiting for a frost, and the crop is good. The long, dry season has agreed with the nut crop and all are bountiful. For city people who have the notion that the chestnut is an old joke, we may say that it is a little fat brown nut, colored like some horses, incased in a velvet-lined but spiny husk, called a burr, after burdock, which is smaller and stickier and grows close to the ground.

Last year Permanent Selectman, County Judge and Senator James F. Walsh was so sure he would succeed the Lovely Lilley in Congress that he promised to give up the Senatorship to Stamford, which is a town adjacent to Cos Cob and so gets into the district. We understand he is sorry now he did this, and folks are taking that it ought to be a lesson to Jim not to be so liberal in giving things away he already has.

We see by the papers that President Melan's railroad is shy about \$1,500,000 on its net earnings for the first seven months of the year. There is nothing surprising in this, as the spikes dropped into the roadway here two weeks ago by the section gang have not been picked up yet, although we mentioned the fact at the time. Railroad presidents who neglect details like this are apt to lose their jobs if the directors aren't dummies.

## Two Wives Are Better Than One.

By V. Stefaanson, the Ethnologist.

IT was after dinner one evening that I asked Ouyayuk (his Eskimo host) why he had two wives, while no other man in the country had more than one. "That was," he said, "because he was a prominent man, had a big household, and many visitors continually. A few years ago his first wife, Anarziak, had said to him: 'I am becoming old now; my first daughter will soon be married; there is much work in preparing food for all your guests. Why don't you get a young wife who can help me with the household?' That was why he married Illeok, who is young and strong. But Illeok is not so important as Anarziak. See how Illeok cooks the fish, puts them on a platter, and brings them to Anarziak so she may pick out for herself and her favorite son as many of the heads and tails as she likes. Illeok does what she is told, for she is the younger wife. And never did two women get along more amicably together than these two wives of Ouyayuk.—Harper's Magazine.

## Where Sumatra Smokes Come From.

THE largest tobacco farm in the world, a 25,000-acre affair, near Amsterdam, Ga., is grown about a third of all the Sumatra tobacco cigar wrappers in the United States.